



100 Million Dollars Worth of Shoes

These are stupendous figures, yet this is the yearly amount that the South spends for shoes. As a curiosity these figures may attract you for a minute, but the most curious thing about them is that three quarters of this money is regularly sent away from the South and the South is that much poorer for it.

You trade at a Southern shoe store. You give the dealer your money. You probably buy a western or northern made shoe. When the dealer pays his bill, this money, less a small per cent to the dealer, goes north or west and the South is that much poorer.

Keep your money at home. Let it work for better times, better wages, more factories, more work for Southern people.

Ask your dealer for The Craddock Shoe. Made in the South, by white labor, for Southern gentlemen. The best shoe value offered by any maker in the land for \$3.50 and \$4.00. Money spent for Craddock Shoes stays in the South, and pays Southern labor, Southern grocers, bakers and butchers.

It builds Southern factories, homes and schools. We can support more and better industries. Let's each do his part.

CRADDOCK-TERRY CO.
Lynchburg, Va.

THE 5TH SESSION OF THE
MONTEREY HIGH SCHOOL
will open Sept. 19, 1910. Trained and experienced faculty.

EDUCATE AT HOME
Fee for students outside of district \$2.50 per month.
Robert Sterrett, A. B., Principal

THE STORE THAT MAKES THE BARGAIN PRICE

Good Umbrella for \$1, worth \$1.25
Corsets for \$1, the kind you pay 1.25 for.
Ladies' underwear at 5 to 15c, pants, etc.
should come and see them.
Men's and Boys' Shirts, Collars, Ties and Pants
unheard of prices.
You should see our hats—don't forget to see price
Arbuckle's Coffee 17c,
Sugar 6 1-2, nails 3 1-2
If you are getting these prices anywhere else
the cause of it.

All kinds of Country Produce Bought and Sold
You get more for \$1, dozen eggs or 1 lb butter than any where else.
L. B. BYRD & CO.

PATENTS
Prize Offers from Leading Manufacturers
Book on patents. "Hints to inventors." "Inventions that will pay." "Why some inventors fail." Send rough sketch or description of invention to Patent Office records. Our Mr. Greeley was Acting Commissioner of Patents, and as such had full knowledge of the U. S. Patent Office.

GREELEY & MCINTIRE
PATENT ATTORNEYS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Have You Tried It?

There is a bottle of Cardui waiting for you at the drug store. Have you tried it? If not, we urge you to do so, before you have obtained such a hold on you, that nothing will get you out.

Even now, it may be nearly too late. But try how. If anything can help you, Cardui will. It has been in thousands of cases, where other medicines have failed in vain. Why should it not do the same for you?

Take CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic

"My daughter, Octavia, would have been in the hospital today, had it not been for that fine medicine, writes Mrs. Laura Lawrence, of Drennon Springs, Ga. 'Nothing I tried helped my daughter, until I took Cardui. I had sent for the doctor, when she had taken four doses she became all right. I often tell my friends of Cardui.'"
Your druggist sells Cardui with full instructions on the bottle.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment of Women's Diseases."

FAMOUS STAR GROUP.

The Constellation Orion in Legend and Literature.

The constellation Orion is mentioned in the literature of all ages. In Egypt it represented Horus, the young god, the sun, in a boat surmounted by a falcon, followed by Sirius, who was shown as a cow. It has been found sculptured on the walls of the Thebes 5,000 years ago. One of the men of that early time it was down from the same position as today, same brightness as it does unchanged, a striking example of the ableness of the heavens.

From the days of early Hinduism to the present the constellation has for some reason borne a stormy character. Allusion to its direful influence are found everywhere among the classic writers. As Orion arrived at the coast, he was met by a man named Minos, who was the ruler of the island of Crete. Minos was a cruel and tyrannical ruler, and he was the cause of the death of many of his subjects. Orion was a great hunter, and he was the cause of the death of many of his subjects. Orion was a great hunter, and he was the cause of the death of many of his subjects.

BABY TURTLES.

How Just What to Do and Do It Without Guidance.

As soon as a baby turtle emerges from the egg off he scuttles down to the sea. He has no one to teach him, no one to guide him. In his curious brain there is implanted a streak of caution based upon the fact that in a certain period in his life his armor is soft and no defense against hungry fish, and he at once seeks the shelter in the tropical profusion of the gulf weed, which holds within its branching fronds an astonishing abundance of marine life. Here the young turtle feeds unmolested while his armor undergoes the hardening process.

Whatever the young sea turtle eats and wherever he eats it—facts not generally ascertained—one thing is certain, it agrees with him immensely. He leads a pleasant sort of life, basking in the tropical sun and cruising leisurely in the cool depths.

Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds, which usually occurs within the first year, the turtle is free from all danger. After that no fish or mammal, however ravenous, however well armed with teeth, interferes with the turtle.

When once he has withdrawn his head from its position of outlook into the folds of his neck between the two shells intending devourers may struggle in vain to make an impression upon him.—Harper's Weekly.

The Roar of China's Ducks.

Tourists in China are always surprised by the number of ducks they see. There are more ducks in China than in all the rest of the world. Their voices are a familiar sound in every town and country spot of the east coast and the interior of the vast empire. Even in the large cities ducks abound. They dodge between the coolies' legs. They fit squawking out of the way of the horses. Their indignant quack will not unreasonably drown the roar of urban commerce. Children herd ducks on every road, on every pond, on every farm, on every lake, on every river. There is no back yard without its duck house. There is no pat, little or great, without its duck quarters. All over the land there are great duck hatching establishments, many of them of a capacity huge enough to produce 50,000 young ducks every year. Duck among the Chinese is a staple delicacy. It is salted and smoked like ham or beef.—New York World.

THE VEILED PROPHET.

Was the Most Noted Impostor of the Middle Ages.

The celebrated "Veiled Prophet" of story was a Moslem fanatic whose name was Hakeem Ibn Hashem. He was born about the middle of the 11th century and became the most noted impostor of the middle ages. He pretended that he was an embodiment of the spirit of the "living God," being very proficient in jugglery and the ignorant mistook for the power to work miracles, soon drew immense number of followers and him. He always wore a gold mask, claiming that he did so to protect the mortals of this earth, who, he said, could not look upon his face and

at last, after thousands had quitted city and even left the employ of Caliph at Mohdi to join the fanatic movement, an army was sent against the "Veiled Prophet," forcing him to flee for safety to the castle at the north of the Oxus. Finally, in ultimate defeat was certain, the prophet killed and burned his whole family and then threw himself into flames, being entirely consumed. His hair, which was kept in a casket at Baghdad until the time of his death, he promised his faithful followers that he would reappear in the future dressed in white riding a white horse.

The Art of Carpentry.

How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry?

Seen from the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed the bill, shaved his note, cut an acquaintance, split a case, made an entry, got up a case, made an indictment, impaneled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a case, hammered a judge and bored a hole court, all in one day, has since down law and turned carpenter."

Married In Haste

And Glad of It In Leisure

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"Get up; John's terribly ill. You must go for a doctor."

I heard the words as spoken from a distance or while in a dream, for I had been working night and day with but a few hours' sleep each night and was exhausted. Then I felt a violent shaking which caused me to open my eyes. After much repetition I was made to understand that I was to go at once for a doctor. I managed to get into my clothes, and, being told that the residence of the physician was 28 Hawthorne street, one of a row of stone front dwellings, I sallied forth. On the way I was obliged to pinch myself to keep sufficiently awake to avoid falling against objects I passed. On reaching the block I found the numbers were all in the vestibules where no light shone upon them. I finally found a number that appeared to be 28, but I could not be sure. I failed to find the doctor's sign, but the darkness of the street would account for that. I rang the bell. A colored girl came to the door. I asked if the doctor was at home. She said he was not; he had gone out to see a person who was at the point of death. I asked when he might be expected home, to which she replied that he might come any minute. I concluded to wait awhile and, going inside, sat down on a sofa in a far corner of the room. There was a light in the hall which was turned low, the only light on the main floor.

In a few minutes I was sound asleep. Again I heard a voice, this time a woman's, trying to awaken me.

"Wake up! We haven't a moment to lose. Father will be here in a few minutes, and it will be too late."

I roused myself and stood up. A soft hand took mine, and, only partly awake, I heard a man's voice mumbling something. There was no light in the hall or in the room I was in, though figures could be discerned from what light came from the street. The mumbling ended with the words "man and wife." Then the soft voice said: "Come quick."

I was led out of the house, the hand still holding mine, and found a carriage waiting at the door. The figure that led me got into it and shut the door.

"Remember," she said, "tomorrow at 4."

By this time I was sufficiently awake to realize that something of considerable importance was at hand. I thrust my hand into my pocket where I carried a box of matches, drew it forth, struck a light and revealed the astonished face of a girl apparently about twenty years of age.

"Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed. A clatter of wheels was heard coming rapidly.

"Drive on."

The coachman whipped up his horses and in another moment my unintentional bride was whirled away.

Her carriage had scarcely turned a corner where its rattle was not so distinctly heard when another came tearing down the street and stopped before the doctor's door. I concluded that, having got another man's sweetheart, I was liable to the wrath her father might be disposed to vent upon him. I moved away a few paces where I would not be seen and awaited further developments. A man jumped out of the carriage, ran up the steps of the doctor's residence and pulled the bell furiously. Some one came to the door, and I heard questions and answers, but not with sufficient distinctness to make out their purport. Then the man ran down the steps, got into the carriage and was driven away.

Notwithstanding the seriousness of the situation, there was something ludicrous about it. While John was suffering for the want of a doctor and might have died for all I knew, instead of getting him one I had got married. Could anything be more ridiculous? The curiosity that had led me to dash a match in my wife's face to see what she was like prompted me to investigate further. As soon as I was sure the last carriage was at a safe distance I mounted the steps of the doctor's house and rang the bell.

A man in clerical dress answered the summons. He seemed very much disturbed and in an irritated voice said: "Well, sir?"

"Does Dr. Bradburn live here?"

"No, sir. Dr. Bradburn lives next door, No. 28. This is 26."

I went home. My mother was the only one in the house still up. She was waiting for me.

"Where have you been all the time?" she asked impatiently.

"Mother, I'm married!"

"Married?"

"Yes, married."

"Why, I thought you went for the doctor."

"So I did."

"And got married instead! Oh, my goodness gracious!"

"I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help getting married! Have you lost your senses?"

"I went to sleep."

"Oh, my dear boy," anxiously, "what is the matter with you?"

"I got into the house of a domestic

by mistake. A runaway couple, chased by the girl's father, came to the house in a hurry, and they were married in the dark."

"What's their marriage got to do

with you?"

"Nothing, except they thought I was the groom who, I suppose, was to have met the bride there, and before I got fairly awake they married me."

"Oh, dear; oh, dear! What a terrible thing to happen!"

"If you saw my wife you wouldn't think so."

"I thought you said it was dark and you couldn't see her."

"I struck a match just as she was about to leave me."

"Well, my son, it's nearly day. Go to bed and get what sleep you can before you have to get up again. I'm sorry for the poor girl who made the mistake. I hope she won't have much trouble in getting her marriage with you annulled and being remarried to her rightful lover."

"I do. I hope she'll have a lot of trouble doing it."

"Why?"

"I'm satisfied."

"Oh, go to bed!"

The next day I went to see the clergyman who had married me, and he appointed a meeting between me and my wife to take place in the room where we were married the next day. When we came together I found her very angry.

"This is simply ridiculous," she said. "My dear, I couldn't help it."

"My dear!" she repeated, sniffing the air scornfully.

"What was the matter with—with your other husband?"

"My other husband? Do you take me for a bigamist?"

"Well, the man you were to have married instead of me."

"Don't call him a man; he hadn't the courage for such an affair. He was afraid of father and showed the white feather at the critical moment. But you will help me, of course, to annul this marriage."

"No, I won't."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm satisfied."

"Satisfied? Well, I like that! You don't mean that you have any idea of letting the matter stand as it is?"

"Why not?"

"For the land's sake! Why, this is the first time we have ever met."

"Except on the night of our wedding."

"Wedding! Do you call that a real wedding? Why, it wouldn't stand in law. That is, so my lawyer says, though one of us might make the other a lot of trouble."

"Did he say that?"

"Yes, I believe he said something like it."

"Well, I'm going to make the trouble. I won't give you up."

"Nonsense!"

I saw that she was pleased. Her lover had lost her by a want of pluck; I determined to win her by braggadochio.

"Perhaps you think your intended husband will fight for you. I'm ready to die rather than give you up to him."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't fight on any account. But father! You'll find him terrible. He'll grind you to powder."

"I will have every drop of blood in his body."

"If Billy had only talked, or, rather, acted that way!" she said sadly.

"But he didn't."

"What put it into your head that you wanted this—this so called marriage to stand?"

"On seeing you I swore that you should remain my wife."

"Why, it was only by the light of a match."

"It was enough."

"And you're going," she said after a pause, "to fight my application for an annulment?"

"Yes, and I'll fight every one who presumes to help you."

"But you certainly don't want a wife whom you haven't seen but once?"

"Twice."

"Between whom and you there has been no courtship, no love passages, one whom you don't know anything about. I may be a Jezebel."

"And I may be an ogre."

She laughed.

"One thing I insist upon."

"You insist upon? What right have you?"

"A husband's right."

"Well, I declare!"

"I don't wish you to see again the man you were to have married."

"You don't, eh? Well, you may command me in that, for I don't wish to see him."

"That's lucky. We shall not have to quarrel about it; but, seriously, there is a saying, 'Act in haste and repent at leisure.' Now, suppose we both drop the matter for the present. I think it likely that some legal action should be taken if a separation is to be effected, and it will require time to determine what that action should be. Meanwhile I ask the same privileges as the man you were to have married and no more. I would like to call upon you."

I could see that this view of the case was a relief to her. She granted me the permission I desired, and when we separated by a few grotesque remarks on the situation I got her to laughing.

It turned out that so far as her intended marriage was concerned the episode with me that prevented it was a godsend. The man was worthless and her father knew it. When he discovered my accidental part and how it had saved his daughter from a misalliance he became very friendly with me. He had a keen sense of humor, which I fed. The result was that he took a fancy to me, took me into his business, and I eventually became his son-in-law both in fact as well as in law.

Detected.

It was at a Fourth of July meeting in a little city. The mayor, William Smith, rose and at dignified length read the Declaration of Independence.

There was a pause; then from one of the mayor's old schoolmates came the loud whisper: "Bill never writ that. He ain't smart enough."—New York Times.

PAT. KENNY, A WEST VIRGINIA TRAMP POET.

About sixty years ago there came to Virginia a young Irishman of the name of Patrick Kenny. He had been educated for the priesthood, but broke with Catholicism and at length became a Protestant.

On the voyage to America the young lady of his choice died, and the bereavement so wrought upon his sensitive temperament that during the remainder of a long career he never had a home of his own and never would remain long in a place.

He gravitated to the valley of the Guyandotte and seems to have had a positive affection for it. As a printer and newspaper writer "Pat Kenny" became known over the greater part of West Virginia, and, though he met with some good offers, he could never be induced to give up his propensity to wander.

Very often he would come back to the Guyandotte, where he was known to many people, and did not lack for a friendly shelter.

When the war came on he enlisted as a Confederate soldier, but in what regiment I do not know.

Kenny's worst enemy, and perhaps his only real one, was himself. He would fall into an occasional debauch, and this weakness for liquor interfered with his holding the positions which opened to him. To this failing he, in fact, owed his death. He was found one chilly winter day, some eight years ago, near the new lumbering town of Richwood. He was in a dying condition and near him lay a tell-tale whiskey bottle nearly empty. He was then seventy-four years of age.

His extensive reading, his wide observation, a philosophic mind, and a gift for conversation, made him an instructive and welcome guest in many a home. He was urged to write a book, but for a long time refused. He said his life had been a failure and it was better for his name to die with him. Yet finally he consented. While writing it he was the guest of a man in Webster county, and granted him the copyright in consideration of his board, some clothing, and other perquisites. He wrote the manuscript sitting in the shade of a tree. He did not live to see the published book, which came off the press almost at the very time he was found unconscious by the roadside.

The volume contains about 250 pages, and consists of a series of essays embodying his opinions on quite a number of topics. A few lines in verse are appended, but in this line he generally appeared to less advantage than when writing prose. Better than those published ones is another which he wrote at the request of an acquaintance. The manuscript belongs to a lady at Franklin. Two verses are quoted below, and in them he appears to speak from his heart. The poem was written at Flatwoods, Nov. 27, 1896:

"Jesus, let me fly to thee
And take refuge on thy breast;
Homeless, weary, here I sigh,
Near thy sacred heart to rest.

Long I've wandered from the light
In the way of death and sin,
Now I knock at mercy's door—
Jesus, Father, let me in.

"Evening shadows fall around;
Earth is hushed in soft repose;
In the stillness comes thy voice,
Sweetly soothing all my woes.

'Come, poor wanderer, come to me,
Lay this load of sorrow down;
Thou hast borne long thy Cross,
Come, and now receive thy Crown."

The greatest danger from influenza is of its resulting in pneumonia. This can be obviated by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as it not only cures influenza, but also counteracts any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. Sold by Dr. K. H. Trimble.

For Sale Cheap

As I am going to move away I will sell my outfit as follows: one 12 H. P. Peerless traction engine in good running order and one 01. Frick saw mill with 75 feet track, 30 feet carriage, 3 head blocks with power receder, cable feed, 50 inch inserted tooth saw, hooks, etc. Mill has only been used a short while and is in first-class condition, also one 4 ton capacity engine wagon and one good wood saw with truck. Price for quick sale \$900.00 cash. Call on or address

George H. McLaughlin,
Lone Fountain, Va.

Borrowed—From me, some time ago, a black overcoat. Kindly return same.

J. A. WHITELAW.

THE COUNTY NEWSPAPER AS AN INSTRUCTOR.

The county newspaper is one of the strongest teachers known to modern times and its scope is almost unbounded. The American citizen is a reader of his home paper, not only a reader but an admirer as well. The children are taught to reverence its visitation and to pursue its columns and note its citations.

The editor of a country newspaper holds a responsible position. In fact, it is about the most responsible of all the professions. He addresses at least five thousand people each week, and some of them at least fifty thousand. They are silent auditors, yet the influence the paper has over its supporters and admirers is truly of interest.

The editor may never know, and, in fact, will never know, the extent of his influence for good or bad. The careful editor gives the people that which is beneficial to their uplift; the careless editor plunges into anything that appears to make his paper fiery, peppery and caustic.

The sensible editor and publisher weighs every line that enters the columns of his paper and places behind it all a personality that wins in the end.

A competent teacher is always fitted for his task. He has something more in mind than simply notoriety, for he well knows that character is above price, and that a paper without character is as weak as an individual who does not possess that which maketh a man.

Give a newspaper character and there is no power that can stop its progress and its aid to a country's uplift.—Aaron D. States, in the Lamar (Mis.) Republican Sentinel.

Notice To Stockholders

The Regular Annual Meeting of The First National Bank of Highland, at Monterey, will be held on the second Tuesday of January, (Jan. 10, 1911) at the banking house of The First National Bank of Highland, at Monterey, for the purpose of electing officers and directors for the ensuing year.

12-9-5t. Clifton Matheny, Cashier.

Christmas toys, fire works of every description, and many useful things suitable for presents at R. M. Trimble's store.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks

1911 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1911, that guardian Angel in a hundred thousand homes, is now ready. Not many are now willing to be without it and the Rev. Irl R. Hicks Magazine, Word and Works. The two are only One Dollar a year. The Almanac is 35c prepaid. No home or office should fail to send for them, to Word and Works Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo.

When and Where

The return of the Yuletide brings with it the joy of giving and the duty of making each other happy. To find a suitable holiday gift appropriate, useful and within our means, will be a desire uppermost in the minds of many during the coming Christmas season. You know the time, you must find the place and the present.

I will be glad to have you examine my stock. Everything has been carefully selected, and there is nothing trashy. Among the many things appropriate, for gifts I mention Watches, Chains, Fountain Pens, brooches, Scarf Pins, Lockets and Chains, Silver Ware of all descriptions Carving Sets, Signet and Plain Gold Rings, late Books in plain and Holiday Edition and many other novelties.

Remember that my goods are all new and of the latest styles.

H. M. Slaven, Jeweler.

Non-Resident Notice

VIRGINIA:

In the Clerk's office of the circuit court of Highland county, at Rules, the 15th day of Nov., 1910

Fusie Botkin and Arlie Botkin vs.

J. Riley Crummett, Robert Crummett, Silas Crummett, Cameron Crummett, and Louis Crummett and B. Crummett, widow of Eli Crummett, deceased.

In chancery

The object of this suit is to perfect the assignment of dower to the widow of Eli Crummett deceased, in lands owned by him in Highland county, Virginia, and to partition the residue among the children; and if a partition cannot be made conveniently, to have the residue of said land sold under orders of the court.

And it appearing by affidavit filed according to law, that the said defendants, Robert Crummett, and Silas Crummett are non-residents of this state, it is therefore ordered that they appear within 15 days after due publication of this order, in the clerk's office of our said circuit court, and do what is necessary to protect their interests.

T. Ste.

W. H. Matheny, Clerk

Jones & Son P. Q.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain.